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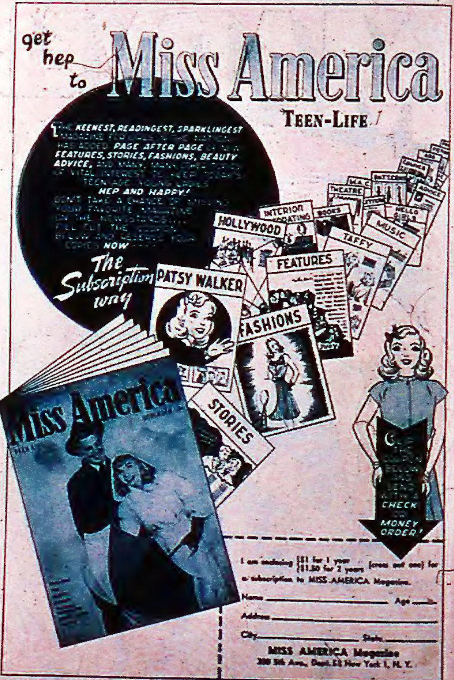
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Miss America
TEEN-LIFE
THE KEENEST, READINGEST, SPARKLINGEST
PAGE AFTER PAGE
FEATURES, STORIES, FASHIONS, BEAUTY ADVICE,
HEP AND HAPPY!
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The Subscription way
HOLLYWOOD
INTERIOR DECORATING
BOOKS
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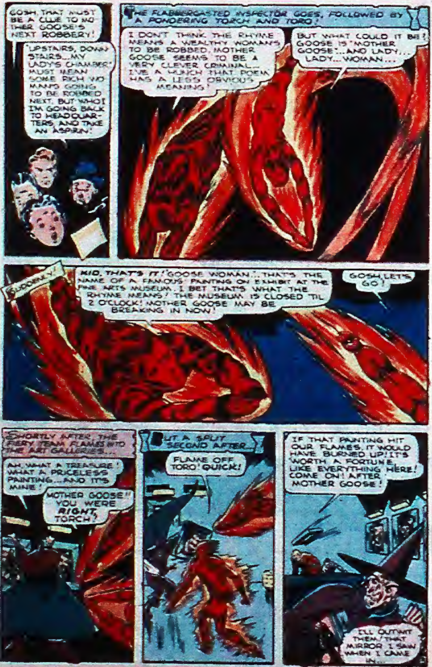
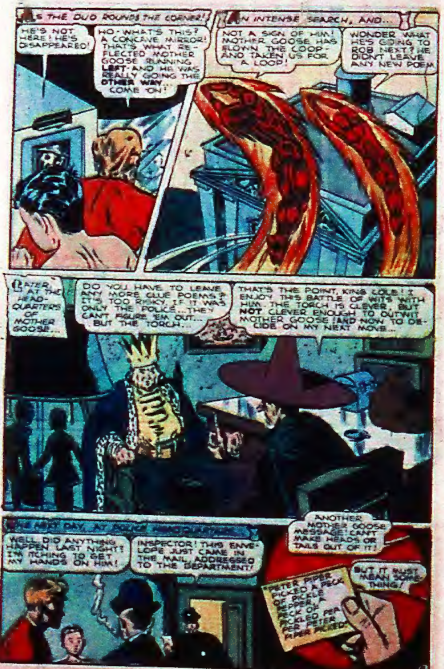
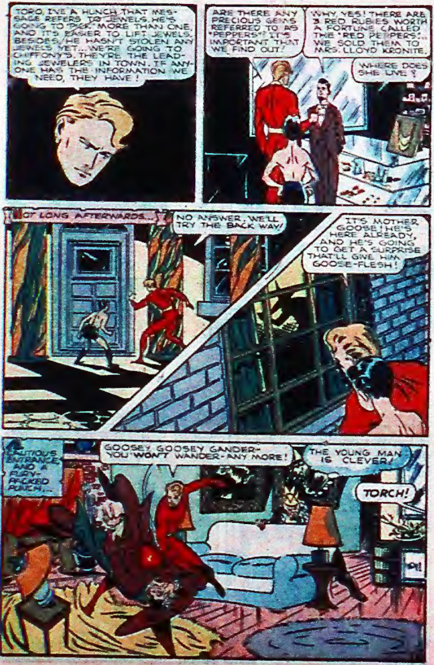
FEATURES
PATSY WALKER
FASHIONS
STORIES
Miss America
CHECK
MONEY ORDER!
MISS AMERICA Magazine

THE HUMAN TORCH
"The MOTHER GOOSE ROBBERIES!"

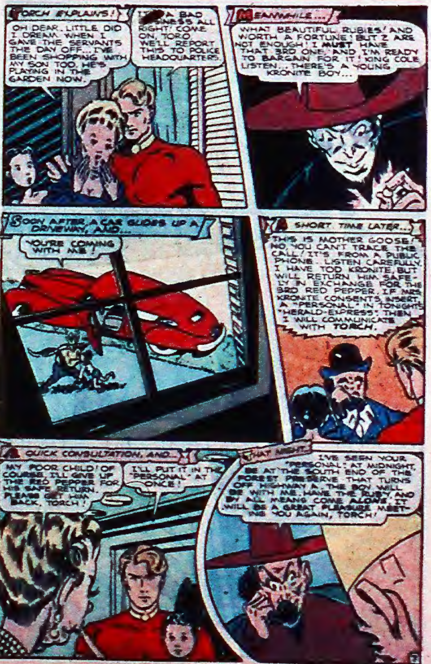
IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT, A STRANGE, STEALTHY FIGURE ENGAGES IN ROBBERY!
HA! ANOTHER OF MY TRIUMPHS! IT WILL COMPLETELY BAFFLE THE POLICE!
THE MORNING AFTER, TORCH RECEIVES AN URGENT PHONE CALL...
A PRICELESS EMERSON FIRST EDITION'S BEEN STOLEN FROM MY LIBRARY SAFE.
WE'RE UP AGAINST A VERY UNUSUAL CRIMINAL, TORCH... LOOK AT THIS CARD WE FOUND NEAR THE SAFE.
"I HAD A CHARMING VISIT HERE, AND HELPED MYSELF. MOTHER GOOSE."
THIS IS THE FIFTH "MOTHER GOOSE" CARD. I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THAT "MONKEY"!
...AND IN EVERY CASE THAT SAME KIND OF CALLING CARD WAS LEFT. I SHOULD'VE CALLED YOU IN BEFORE, TORCH... SAY, WHAT ARE YOU POKING AROUND IN THERE FOR?
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING! LOOKS LIKE MOTHER GOOSE HAS LEFT ANOTHER LITTLE LOVE-NOTE!
IT MAKES GREATER SPORT AND EXCITING FUN, TO HAVE A CLUE TO PONDER ON... "GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER, WHERE DOST THOU WANDER? UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS AND IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER."


GOSH, THAT MUST BE A CLUE TO MOTHER GOOSE'S NEXT ROBBERY!
"UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS... MY LADY'S CHAMBER" MUST MEAN SOME RICH WOMAN'S GOING TO BE ROBBED NEXT. BUT WHO! I'M GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND TAKE AN ASPIRIN!
THE FLABBERGASTED INSPECTOR GOES, FOLLOWED BY A PONDERING TORCH AND TORO!
I DON'T THINK THE RHYME MEANS A WEALTHY WOMAN'S TO BE ROBBED. MOTHER GOOSE SEEMS TO BE A VERY CLEVER CRIMINAL... I'VE A HUNCH THAT POEM HAS A LESS OBVIOUS MEANING!
BUT WHAT COULD IT BE! GOOSE IS "MOTHER GOOSE"... AND LADY... LADY... WOMAN...
SUDDENLY!
KID, THAT'S IT! "GOOSE WOMAN"... THAT'S THE NAME OF A FAMOUS PAINTING ON EXHIBIT AT THE FINE ARTS MUSEUM. I BET THAT'S WHAT THE RHYME MEANS! THE MUSEUM IS CLOSED TIL 2 O'CLOCK! MOTHER GOOSE MAY BE BREAKING IN NOW!
GOSH, LET'S GO!
SHORTLY AFTER THE FIERY TEAM FLAMES INTO THE ART GALLERIES...
AH, WHAT A TREASURE! WHAT A PRICELESS PAINTING... AND IT'S MINE!
MOTHER GOOSE!! YOU WERE RIGHT, TORCH!
BUT A SPLIT SECOND AFTER...
FLAME OFF TORO! QUICK!
IF THAT PAINTING HIT OUR FLAMES, IT WOULD HAVE BURNED UP! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE, LIKE EVERYTHING HERE! COME ON! AFTER MOTHER GOOSE!
I'LL OUTWIT THEM! THAT MIRROR I SAW WHEN I CAME IN...


AS THE DUO ROUNDS THE CORNER!
HE'S NOT HERE! HE'S DISAPPEARED!
HO-WHAT'S THIS? A CONCAVE MIRROR! THAT'S WHAT RE-FLECTED MOTHER GOOSE RUNNING LEFT-AND HE WAS REALLY GOING THE OTHER WAY... COME ON!
AN INTENSE SEARCH, AND...
NOT A SIGN OF HIM! MOTHER GOOSE HAS BLOWN THE COOP-AND TAKEN US FOR A LOOP!
WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO ROB NEXT? HE DIDN'T LEAVE ANY NEW POEM
LATER, AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF MOTHER GOOSE...
DO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE ANY MORE CLUE POEMS? IT'S TOO RISKY. IF IT WAS ONLY THE POLICE...THEY CAN'T FIGURE 'EM OUT... BUT THE TORCH...
THAT'S THE POINT, KING COLE! I ENJOY THIS BATTLE OF WITS WITH HIM. THE TORCH IS CLEVER, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO OUTWIT MOTHER GOOSE! AND NOW TO DE-CIDE ON MY NEXT MOVE...
WELL, DID ANYTHING HAPPEN LAST NIGHT? I'M ITCHING TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
INSPECTOR! THIS ENVE-LOPE JUST CAME IN THE MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE DEPARTMENT!
ANOTHER MOTHER GOOSE MESSAGE! CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OUT OF IT!
PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLE PEPPER, A PECK OF PICKLED PEP-PER PETER PIPER PICKED
BUT IT MUST MEAN SOME-THING!


TORO, I'VE A HUNCH THAT MESSAGE REFERS TO JEWELS. HE'S GOING TO "PICK" MORE THAN ONE, AND IT'S EASIER TO LIFT JEWELS. BESIDES, HE HASN'T STOLEN ANY JEWELS YET... WE'RE GOING TO CHIFFONY'S. THEY'RE THE LEADING JEWELERS IN TOWN. IF ANYONE HAS THE INFORMATION WE NEED, THEY HAVE!
ARE THERE ANY PRECIOUS GEMS REFERRED TO AS "PEPPERS"? IT'S IMPORTANT THAT WE FIND OUT!
WHY, YES! THERE ARE 3 RED RUBIES WORTH A FORTUNE CALLED THE "RED PEPPERS"... WE SOLD THEM TO MRS. LLOYD KRONITE.
WHERE DOES SHE LIVE?
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS...
NO ANSWER. WE'LL TRY THE BACK WAY!
IT'S MOTHER GOOSE! HE'S HERE ALREADY, AND HE'S GOING TO GET A SURPRISE THAT'LL GIVE HIM GOOSE-FLESH!
A CAUTIOUS ENTRANCE, AND A FURY-PACKED PUNCH...
GOOSEY GOOSEY GANDER-- YOU WON'T WANDER-- ANY MORE!
THE YOUNG MAN IS CLEVER!
TORCH!

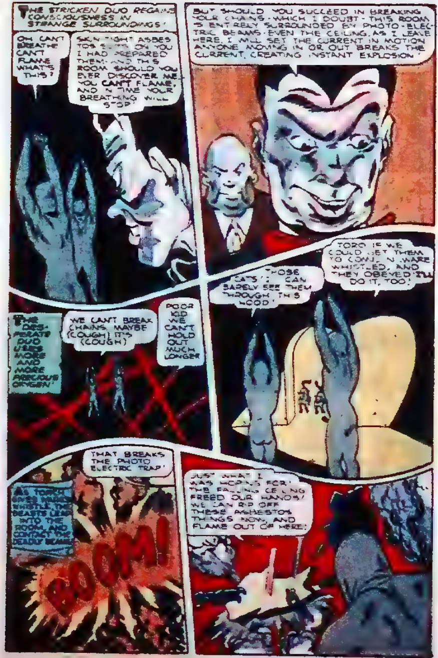
THE NEXT INSTANT!
THANKS FOR THE WARNING, BOY!
OH-OH! MOTHER GOOSE IS ON THE RUN AGAIN!
THEY'RE GETTING CLOSE! THAT HOSE...
AS THE CRIME-CRUSHING COUPLE FLAME OUT THE DOORWAY...
HUMPTY-DUMPTY HAD A FALL...AND THAT, BRIGHT BOYS, IS NOT ALL!
BEFORE THE BOYS CAN REGAIN THEIR FEET...
HA! I'VE OUTWITTED YOU AGAIN! NOW I'LL PUT THE HOSE THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND RELEASE KING COLE FROM THE FIREROPES!
CRASH!!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO REVIVE, THEY QUICKLY RETURN TO THE HOUSE
GOSH, THEY GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT, WITH THE RED PEPPERS.
NOT ALL 3. HERE'S ONE. MOTHER GOOSE MUST'VE DROPPED IT IN HIS HURRY. BUT TWO RUBIES STOLEN ARE BAD ENOUGH.
MY "PEPPERS" STOLEN! I'M MRS. KRONITE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?


TORCH EXPLAINS!
OH DEAR, LITTLE DID I DREAM WHEN I GAVE THE SERVANTS THE DAY OFF... I'VE BEEN SHOPPING WITH MY SON TOO. HE'S PLAYING IN THE GARDEN NOW.
A BAD BUSINESS ALL RIGHT! COME ON, TORO. WE'LL REPORT THIS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
MEANWHILE...
WHAT BEAUTIFUL RUBIES! AND WORTH A FORTUNE! BUT 2 ARE NOT ENOUGH! I MUST HAVE THAT 3RD ONE, AND I'M READY TO BARGAIN FOR IT! KING COLE LISTEN... THERE'S A YOUNG KRONITE BOY...
SOON AFTER A CAR GLIDES UP A DRIVEWAY, AND...
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
THIS IS MOTHER GOOSE! NO, YOU CAN'T TRACE THE CALL! IT'S FROM A PUBLIC PHONE. LISTEN CAREFULLY. I HAVE TOD KRONITE, BUT WILL RETURN HIM SAFELY IN EXCHANGE FOR THE 3RD RED PEPPER. IF MRS. KRONITE CONSENTS, INSERT A "PERSONAL" IN TONIGHT'S "HERALD-EXPRESS." THEN I WILL COMMUNICATE WITH TORCH.
A QUICK CONSULTATION, AND...
MY POOR CHILD! OF COURSE, I'LL GIVE UP THE RED PEPPER FOR HIS SAFE RETURN. PLEASE GET HIM BACK, TORCH!
I'LL PUT IT IN THE "PERSONAL" AT ONCE!
THAT NIGHT...
I'VE SEEN YOUR "PERSONAL." AT MIDNIGHT, BE AT THE SOUTH END OF THE FOREST PRESERVE THAT TURNS OFF HIGHWAY A. THE BOY WILL BE WITH ME. HAVE THE RUBY, AND BY ALL MEANS COME ALONE. IT WILL BE A GREAT PLEASURE MEETING YOU AGAIN, TORCH!

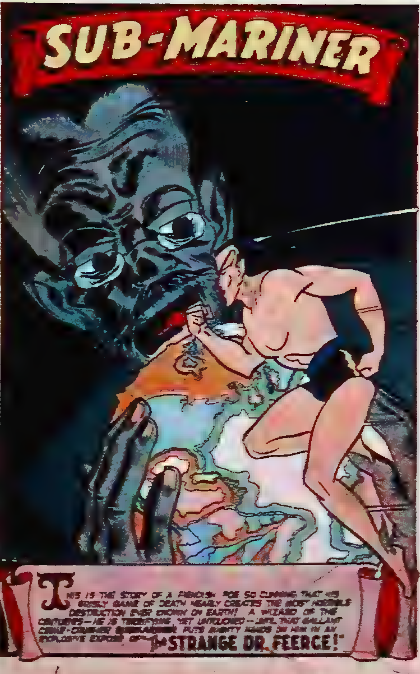
5 MINUTES BEFORE MIDNIGHT...
STAY HERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS, TORO. I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM ALONE...
GOOD LUCK, TORCH!
ON THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, TWO MORTAL ENEMIES MEET!
AH, THE TORCH. IT'S A GREAT DELIGHT FOR ME TO MEET AND OUTWIT A MAN OF YOUR CLEVERNESS, OF COURE, YOU'LL NEVER CAPTURE ME... YOU HAVE THE RUBY?
HERE IT IS NOW RELEASE THE BOY.
GEE IT'S REALLY THE TORCH!
THERE HE IS! AND HERE'S...
THE TORCH DEFTLY LEAPS ASIDE!
FULL OF CHLOROFORM! I THOUGHT HE'D TRY SOMETHING... STAY HERE, TOO! I'M GOING AFTER THEM!
THEY CAN'T BE FAR...WHY THAT'S TORO CALLING! HE'S IN TROUBLE! I'D KNOW HIS VOICE ANYWHERE.
TORCH! HELP! TORCH!
FORCED TO FORSAKE HIS PURSUIT TRAIL, TO AID HIS YOUNG FRIEND, TORCH FOLLOWS THE CRY OF STRESS, AND...
FLAMING FLAMINGOES! A PHONOGRAPH RECORD WITH A REMARKABLE IMITATION OF TORO'S VOICE. A DECOY TO GET ME OFF THE TRACK! WONDER IF I CAN STILL NAIL THEM?
TORCH! HELP!

BUT!
HI TORCH MR. WARE AND I MET ON THE ROAD
HOME NEARBY AND SAW TORO HERE WHAT'S HAPPENED!
WHAT ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE?
GOT AWAY AGAIN. WARE WILL YOU DROP TOD OFF AT HIS HOME 2 PARK PLACE? I'D LIKE TO DO SOME MORE LOOKING WITH TORO MAYBE MOTHER GOOSE'S HIDE OUT IS IN THE VICINITY
MINUTES LATER..
WE'VE BEEN ALL OVER THIS TERRITORY, AND IT STILL ADDS UP TO ZERO.
SAY WHAT'S THAT WHITE PAPER!
A MOTHER GOOSE NOTE! HE MUST HAVE LEFT IT BEFORE HE GOT AWAY!
"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN MY FAIR LADY."
IT'S A CLUE TO HIS NEXT ROBBERY, BUT WHAT A STUMPER! TORCH, WHAT..!
I'VE JUST NOTICED TORO THOSE FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD THAT "POINTED TOE" ONE IS MOTHER GOOSE'S AND THE "SQUARE TOE" IS WHAT HIS HENCHMAN WAS WEARING. BUT...
THESE FOOTPRINTS WERE UNDER THE PAPER THAT MEANS THE PAPER MUST HAVE BEEN DROPPED AFTER MOTHER GOOSE AND HIS HENCHMAN GOT AWAY. BUT NO ONE'S BEEN HERE SINCE THEN, EXCEPT YOU AND ME AND JONATHAN WARE! THAT MEANS WARE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD'VE DROPPED THE NOTE! TORO WARE'S OUR MAN! WE'RE GOING PLACES-AND FAST!
WERE WE BAMBOOZLED!

TEN MINUTES LATER...
YOU'LL MAKE NO SUCH MOVE!
IN A SPLIT SECOND A NEW ATTACK!
A HUGE METAL MISSILE FOLLOWS THE FALLING PAIR!
THEY'RE OUT COLD! IT REMINDS ME OF A RHYME! "WON'T YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR," SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY. IT'S A LOVELY PARLOR IN IT YOU WILL DIE!"
ULP!

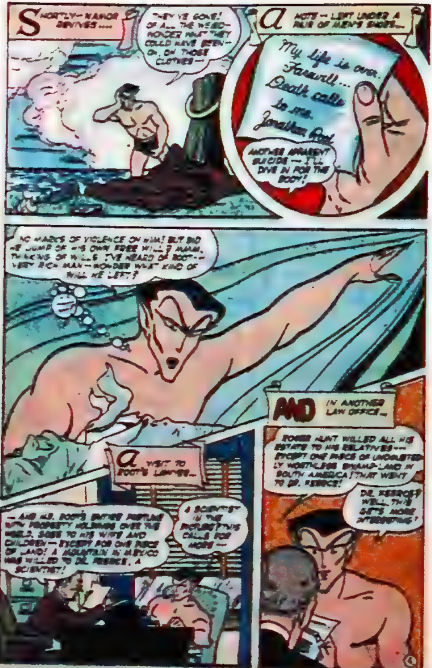

THE STRICKEN DUO REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS!
OH CAN'T BREATHE CAN'T FLAME WHAT'S THIS?
SKIN TIGHT ASBESTOS ... ON YOU I HAD PREPARED THEM AND THIS ROOM SHOULD YOU EVER DISCOVER ME. YOU CAN'T FLAME, AND IN TIME YOUR BREATHING WILL STOP!
BUT SHOULD YOU SUCCEED IN BREAKING YOUR CHAINS - WHICH I DOUBT - THIS ROOM IS ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAMS - EVEN THE CEILING. AS I LEAVE HERE, I WILL SET THE CURRENT IN MOTION ANYONE MOVING IN OR OUT BREAKS THE CURRENT, CREATING INSTANT EXPLOSION!
THE DESPERATE DUO USES MORE AND MORE PRECIOUS OXYGEN
WE CAN'T BREAK CHAINS. MAYBE (COUGH) IT'S (COUGH)
POOR KID WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER
THOSE CATS! I CAN BARELY SEE THEM THROUGH THIS HOOD!
TORO IF WE COULD ... THEM TO COME IN. WE'RE WHISTLED, AND THEY OBEYED 'ILL DO IT, TOO!
THAT BREAKS THE PHOTO ELECTRIC TRAP!
AS TORCH ... WHISTLE THE BEASTS ... INTO THE ROOM AND CONTACT THE DEADLY BEAMS
BOOM!
JUST WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR! THE FALLING CEILING FREED OUR HANDS! WE CAN RIP OFF THESE ASBESTOS THINGS NOW, AND FLAME OUT OF HERE!

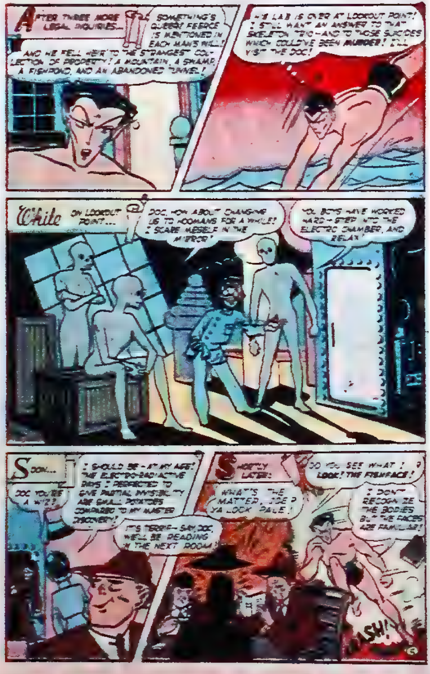
ESCAPE AT LAST! BUT A NEW PROBLEM PRESENTS ITSELF!
THE OTHER MESSAGES WERE ALL WRITTEN ON CARDS WHY IS THIS ON NOTE PAPER AND WHY THE TORN EDGE? THERE MUST BE MORE TO THIS
A CLUE SURGES IN TORCH'S MIND, AND THE POWER-PACKED TEAM IS SOON ROCKETING ON ITS WAY...
THE WATCH PALACE! IT'S FAMOUS FOR ITS COLLECTION OF EXQUISITE LUXURY WATCHES AND THERE'S A SIGN ON THEIR SHOWCASE THAT FITS THE "KEY" ANGLE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE EXPENSIVE WATCHES BEING THE KEYS OF TIME WELL-SPENT!
A MOMENT LATER GREEDY FINGERS CURL ABOUT A PRICELESS WATCH!
THE DIAMOND REX - STUDDED WITH MYRIAD JEWELS
THE TORCH!
SO YOU HAVE A MANIA FOR
JEWELS! FROM NOW ON YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF ROCKS!
SURE ON THE ROCK PILE OF STATE PEN
AND THAT REMINDS ME OF THE 3RD VERSE OF LONDON BRIDGE!
MAYBE WE CAN GET THEM NURSERY BOOKS TO READ IN THEIR CELLS!
THE END

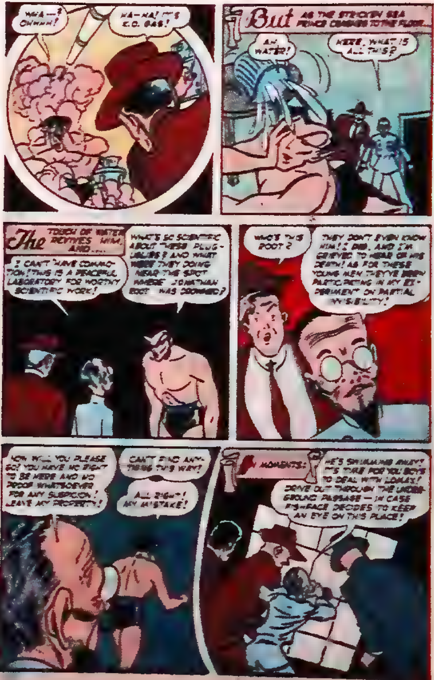

SUB-MARINER
THIS IS THE STORY OF A FIENDISH FOE SO CUNNING THAT HIS GRISLY GAME OF DEATH NEARLY CREATES THE MOST HORRIBLE DESTRUCTION EVER KNOWN ON EARTH! A WIZARD OF THE CENTURIES—HE IS TERRIFYING, YET UNTOUCHED—UNTIL THAT GALLANT CRIME-CRUSHER SUB-MARINER PUTS MIGHTY HANDS ON HIM IN AN EXPLOSIVE EXPOSE OF— "THE STRANGE DR. FEERCE!"

ONE DARK NIGHT, STRANGE VISITORS MAKE A STARTLING CALL ON....
ROGER HUNT, YOUR TIME'S UP! DEATH HAS SENT US TO YOU!
DEATH! NO--IT'S A NIGHTMARE!
IT'S REAL! AND NOW YOU'LL WRITE A FAREWELL NOTE!
SHORT MINUTES LATER, A BODY IS HURTLED INTO SPACE!
WE SURE SCARED HIM INTO WRITIN' HIS SUICIDE NOTE--SHOVIN' HIM OUT THE WINDOW WAS A CINCH AFTER THAT!
WHAT A BRAIN THE DOC HAS! HA-HA-HA!
NAMOR! I'VE BEEN COVERING SHIP NEWS FOR DAYS AND HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND... WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
FLORIDA, WINDING UP A BANK ROBBERY CASE -- WHAT'S NEW, NEWSIE?
NOTHING -- EXCEPT THAT THREE MILLIONAIRES COMMITTED SUICIDE IN THE PAST WEEK, AND ALL LEFT AUTHENTIC FAREWELL NOTES!
HMM...

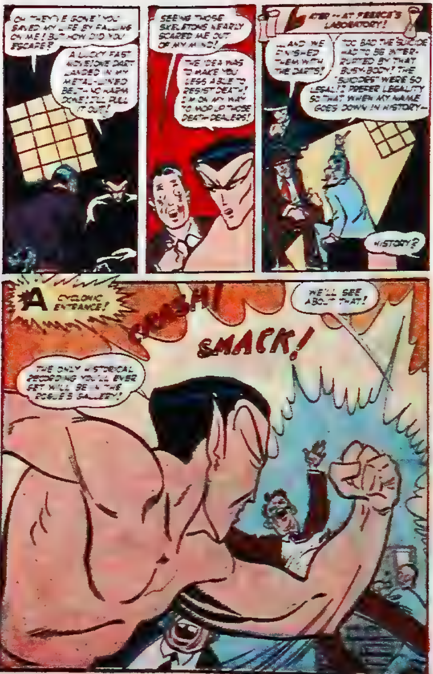
As THE SEA PRINCE SWIMS IN DARK WATERS...
JUMPING JELLYFISH! WHAT'S THAT?
THIS JOB WAS A CINCH TOO!
MAYBE WE AREN'T DONE WITH IT YET! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'— TROUBLE!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
SLAP!
BOOMERANG! YOU FUGITIVES FROM A MORGUE HAVE A SLAB!
But THE NEXT MOMENT—
THIS IRON PIECE YA WEREN'T READY FOR! SHAKE YER BONES, PALLIES! WE GOT TO BEAT IT!
CRACK!


Shortly—Namor revives....
A note—left under a pair of men's shoes...
My life is over. Farewell... Death calls to me.
Another apparent suicide — I'll dive in for the body!
A visit to Root's lawyer...
And in another law office...


AFTER THREE MORE LEGAL INQUIRIES...
SOMETHING'S QUEER! FEERCE IS MENTIONED IN EACH MAN'S WILL!
AND HE FELL HEIR TO THE STRANGEST COLLECTION OF PROPERTY! A MOUNTAIN, A SWAMP, A FISHPOND, AND AN ABANDONED TUNNEL!
HIS LAB IS OVER AT LOOKOUT POINT! I STILL WANT AN ANSWER TO THAT SKELETON TRIO—AND TO THOSE SUICIDES WHICH COULD'VE BEEN MURDER! I'LL VISIT THE DOC!
While ON LOOKOUT POINT...
DOC, HOW ABOUT CHANGING US TO HOOMANS FOR A WHILE? I SCARE MESELF IN THE MIRROR!
YOU BOYS HAVE WORKED HARD—STEP INTO THE ELECTRO CHAMBER, AND RELAX!
SOON...
DOC YOU'RE A WIZ!
I SHOULD BE—AT MY AGE! THE ELECTRO-RADIOACTIVE RAYS I PERFECTED TO GIVE PARTIAL INVISIBILITY ARE SMALL POTATOES COMPARED TO MY MASTER DISCOVERY!
IT'S TERRIF—SAY, DOC, WE'LL BE READING IN THE NEXT ROOM!
SHORTLY LATER:
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOE? YA LOOK PALE!
DO YOU SEE WHAT I ? LOOK! THE FISHFACE!
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE BODIES BUT THE FACES ARE FAMILIAR!

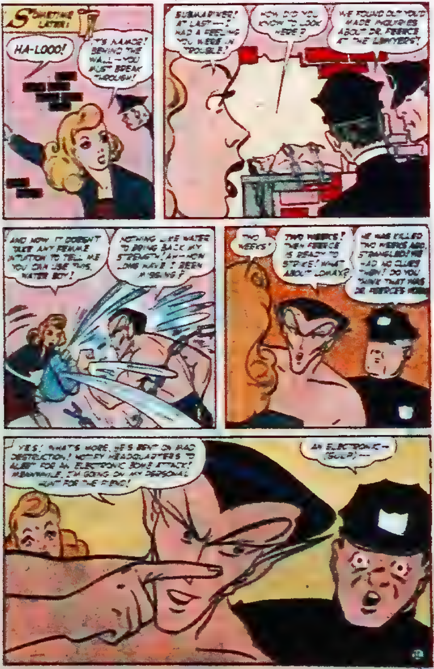

WHA—? OHHHH!
HA-HA! IT'S K.O. GAS!
But AS THE STRICKEN SEA PRINCE CRASHES TO THE FLOOR...
AH WATER!
HERE, WHAT IS ALL THIS?
The TOUCH OF WATER REVIVES HIM, AND...
I CAN'T HAVE COMMOTION! THIS IS A PEACEFUL LABORATORY FOR WORTHY SCIENTIFIC WORK!
WHAT'S SO SCIENTIFIC ABOUT THESE PLUG-UGLIES? AND WHAT WERE THEY DOING NEAR THE SPOT WHERE JONATHAN BOOT WAS DROWNED?
WHO'S THIS BOOT?
THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM! I DID, AND I'M GRIEVED TO HEAR OF HIS DEATH! AS FOR THESE YOUNG MEN THEY'VE BEEN PARTICIPATING IN MY EXPERIMENT ON PARTIAL INVISIBILITY!
NOW WILL YOU PLEASE GO? YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE AND NO PROOF WHATSOEVER FOR ANY SUSPICION! LEAVE MY PROPERTY!
CAN'T FIND ANYTHING THIS WAY!
ALL RIGHT! MY MISTAKE!
MOMENTS:
HE'S SWIMMING AWAY! IT'S TIME FOR YOU BOYS TO DEAL WITH LOMAX! DRIVE OUT THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE — IN CASE FISH-FACE DECIDES TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PLACE!

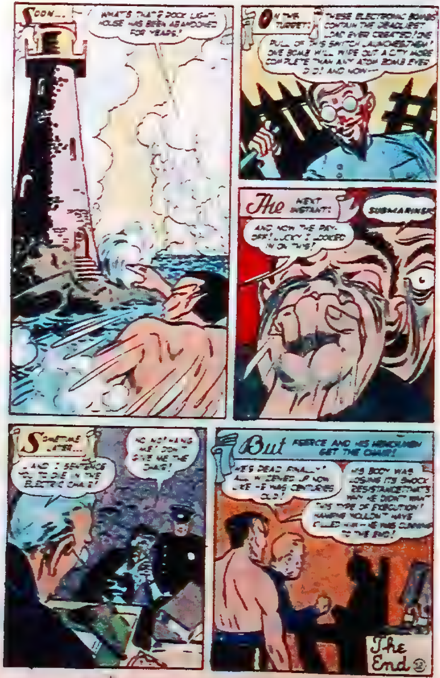
FROM A BASEMENT GARAGE TO THE HIGHWAY GLIDES A BLACK CAR, CARRYING THE TERRIBLE TRIO, AND....
THEY DON'T KNOW I SWAM UNDERWATER BACK TO THE LAB! HOOKED ON—JUST IN TIME!
Later:
I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'RE KILLERS— BUT BEST PROOF IS TO CATCH THEM AT ... WE'RE STOPPING!
INSIDE:
WRITE YOUR SUICIDE NOTE, LOMAX, THAT YOU'RE GOING TO SWALLOW POISON—OR ELSE WE'LL USE MEANS OF MAKING YOU DO SO!
NO! NO! I'LL WRITE!
CRASH!
SO YOU CREATE THE "SUICIDES"— AND I'VE GOT MY PROOF!
SUDDENLY:
BUT YOU'LL NEVER SPILL IT! THESE DARTS ARE POISONED!


OH, THEY'RE GONE! YOU SAVED MY LIFE BY FALLING ON ME! BUT HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?
A LUCKY FAST MOVE! ONE DART LANDED IN MY METAL-LINED BELT—NO HARM DONE! I'LL PULL IT OUT!
SEEING THOSE SKELETONS NEARLY SCARED ME OUT OF MY MIND!
THE IDEA WAS TO MAKE YOU LESS ABLE TO RESIST DEATH! I'M ON MY WAY TO MOP UP THOSE DEATH-DEALERS!
LATER—AT … LABORATORY!
...AND WE FINISHED THEM WITH THE DARTS!
TOO BAD THE SUICIDE HAD TO BE INTER-RUPTED BY THAT BUSY-BODY! THE "SUICIDES" WERE SO LEGAL! I PREFER LEGALITY SO THAT WHEN MY NAME GOES DOWN IN HISTORY—
HISTORY?
A CYCLONIC ENTRANCE!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
SMACK!
THE ONLY HISTORICAL RECORDING YOU'LL EVER GET WILL BE IN THE ROGUE'S GALLERY!

AH, GOOD!
CRASH!
AFTER CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...
GREETINGS FISHMAN! YOU SEE I'VE CHANGED YOUR ENVIRONMENT! YOU'RE IN A SECRET CELLAR ROOM — AND YOU'LL DIE HERE! NO ONE IS GOING TO INTERFERE IN MY PLAN FOR WORLD CONTROL!
WORLD CONTROL? YOU'RE MAD!
BRILLIANCE IS OFTEN MISCONSTRUED FOR MADNESS! I AM BRILLIANT—AND WHY SHOULDN'T I BE? HAVEN'T I ABSORBED CENTURIES OF SCIENTIFIC WISDOM? YOU SEE, I AM 1,000 YEARS OLD!
WHAT?
BOOM!
GREAT JUPITER! I — THE ONLY SURVIVOR! WORKING SO LONG WITH CHROMA GAS HAS GIVEN MY BODY SHOCK-IMMUNITY! I CAN LIVE — ON AND ON!

AND MY LIFE DID GO ON THROUGH THE CENTURIES! I WORKED WITH FAMED SCIENTISTS, OUTLIVING THEM ALL -- ACCUMULATING KNOWLEDGE! BUT NOW THE TIME HAS COME TO USE MY KNOWLEDGE TO GREATEST POWER! MY LIFE IS GROWING SHORT I KNOW --
HOW CAN YOU KNOW IF YOU'VE LIVED THIS LONG?
THESE NEWLY FORMED WRINKLES ARE A WARNING THAT MY BODY IS STARTING TO LOSE ITS SHOCK RESISTANCE! I MAY NOT LIVE MORE THAN 100 YEARS -- SO I MUST LIVE THEM FULLY -- AS RULER OF THE WORLD! FOR THIS I AM PREPARING MY ELECTRONIC BOMB!
ELECTRONIC BOMB!
YES! FOR ME THE ATOM BOMB IS ALREADY OBSOLETE! I'VE SPLIT THE ELECTRON! MY FORMULA REQUIRES FIVE METALS FOUND PLENTIFUL IN EACH OF THE FIVE PROPERTIES I ENCOURAGED MY UNWITTING FRIENDS TO WILL ME! WITHIN TWO WEEKS I WILL BE READY TO STRIKE!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME, FISHMAN! YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO BREAK YOUR CHAINS! I'M GOING TO INJECT LIQUID POISON INTO YOUR VEINS! MY MAN HAS THE CAN OF -- OH, CLUMSY!
AS PIERCE'S MINION REGAINS HIS FEET, CANS ROLL OFF THE SHELF, AND HE PICKS UP THE WRONG ONE!
I'M COMIN', DOC!
IN SHORT MOMENTS --
THE INJECTION IS COMPLETE! HE'LL BE DEAD IN 30 MINUTES! WE'LL LEAVE HERE FOR GOOD!


SOMETIME LATER!
HA-LOOO!
IT'S NAMOR! BEHIND THE WALL — YOU MUST BREAK THROUGH!
SUBMARINER! AT LAST — I HAD A FEELING YOU WERE IN TROUBLE!
HOW DID YOU KNOW TO LOOK HERE?
WE FOUND OUT YOU'D MADE INQUIRIES ABOUT DR. FEERCE AT THE LAWYERS'!
AND NOW IT DOESN'T TAKE ANY FEMALE INTUITION TO TELL ME YOU CAN USE THIS, WATER BOY!
NOTHING LIKE WATER TO BRING BACK MY STRENGTH! AH — HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN MISSING?
TWO WEEKS!
TWO WEEKS! THEN FEERCE IS READY TO STRIKE! WHAT ABOUT LOMAX?
HE WAS KILLED TWO WEEKS AGO, STRANGLED! WE HAD NO CLUES THEN! DO YOU THINK THAT WAS DR. FEERCE'S
YES! WHAT'S MORE, HE'S BENT ON MAD DESTRUCTION! NOTIFY HEADQUARTERS TO ALERT FOR AN ELECTRONIC BOMB ATTACK! MEANWHILE, I'M GOING ON MY PERSONAL HUNT FOR THE FIEND!
AN ELECTRONIC — (GULP) —

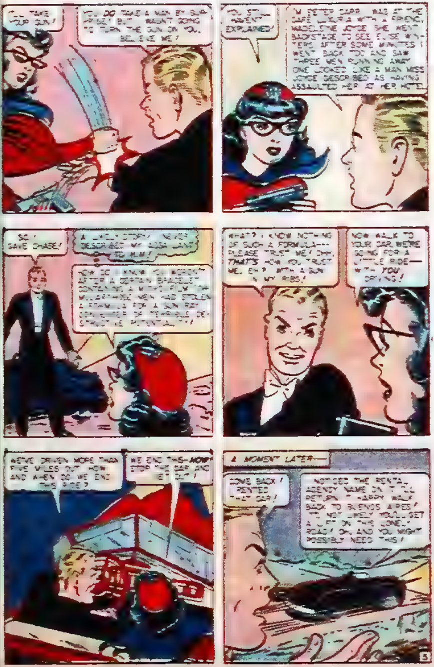

SOON...
WHAT'S THAT? ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE HAS BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS!
ON THE TURRET!
THESE ELECTRONIC BOMBS CONTAIN THE DEADLIEST LOAD EVER CREATED! ONE PULL OF THIS SWITCH LAUNCHES THEM! ONE BOMB WILL WIPE OUT A CITY MORE COMPLETE THAN ANY ATOM BOMB EVER DID! AND NOW---
THE NEXT INSTANT:
SUBMARINER!
AND NOW THE PAY-OFF! LUCKY I LOOKED IN ON THIS!
SOMETIME LATER...
...AND I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
NO NO! HANG ME! DON'T GIVE ME THE CHAIR!
BUT PIERCE AND HIS HENCHMEN GET THE CHAIR!
HE'S DEAD FINALLY! ALL WIZENED UP NOW LIKE HE WAS CENTURIES OLD!
HIS BODY WAS LOSING ITS SHOCK RESISTANCE! THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T WANT THIS TYPE OF EXECUTION! HANGING WOULDN'T HAVE KILLED HIM -- HE WAS CUNNING TO THE END!
The End

Miss AMERICA
CHAPTER IX
"VANISHING SPIES!"
The story thus far...
MISS AMERICA, SENT TO BUENOS AIRES TO LOCATE A MISSING FEDERAL AGENT AND HIS EXPOSE LIST OF ESCAPED NAZIS, DISCOVERS A DIABOLICAL NAZI PLOT TO GAIN POSSESSION OF A MICRO-FILM FORMULA FOR A SUN-RAY CONDENSER MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB! IN A FURIOUS FIGHT WITH SCHMIDT, LED BY REX, A NAZI AGENT INTENT ON FOMENTING WORLD WAR III, SHE IS STRUCK DOWN AND THE BRACELET CONTAINING THE SECRET FORMULA ON MICRO-FILM IS STOLEN! NOW, AS REX IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE DRESSING ROOM OF CAFE-SINGER ELISE WINTERS WHERE THE STRUGGLE HAD OCCURRED----

WE'RE GETTING OUT! WHA—?
DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU! TOSS THAT BRACELET OVER TO ME! YES, I'VE BEEN OFFERED A FORTUNE FOR IT!
WHY, YOU LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER! NOW OUR BUSINESS IS FINISHED!
OH!
THERE'S THE CAR!
NO ONE SAW US LEAVE, AND THE GUN HAD A SILENCER. THAT TRAITOROUS ELISE GOT WHAT SHE DESERVED!
WE'LL BE AWAY IN A MINUTE!
HMMM, ELISE SHOT, AND I'M TIED UP! BUT THEY DIDN'T DO A VERY GOOD JOB ON MY HANDS!
SWIFTLY—
BAH! OF ALL TIMES TO HAVE TROUBLE STARTING THE MOTOR!
SHE'S CONNECTING NOW! HERE SHE GOES!

AND MISS AMERICA IS FREE AT LAST, TO PURSUE HER EXCITING QUEST!
ELISE WINTERS IS IN HER DRESSING ROOM SHOT! CALL A DOCTOR AT ONCE!
A CAR SPEEDING AWAY! MAY BE PERFECTLY INNOCENT BUT I CAN'T OVERLOOK ANYTHING ESPECIALLY WITH THAT DEADLY MICRO-FILM FORMULA AT STAKE! SO HERE GOES!
SOON, ON THE HIGHWAY----
THERE'S ANOTHER CAR FURTHER AHEAD! LOOKS LIKE THIS ONE'S PURSUING IT! I CAN'T TELL WHO IS IN THEM BUT I'VE A HUNCH REX AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE IN THE FIRST, BECAUSE THEY HAD MORE TIME TO GET AWAY!
FIRST CAR'S TURNED! CAN'T SEE IT BEHIND THAT HIGH EMBANKMENT! THE SECOND ONE'S GAINING! SOMETHING INTERESTING SHOULD HAPPEN!
AS THE PURSUING CAR TAKES THE TURN, ITS DRIVER FIRES AT THE TIRES OF THE CAR AHEAD!

AS BULLET-RIDDLED TIRES INSTANTLY FLATTEN, THE FIRST CAR SPINS DIZZILY. THEN—
IT'S HAPPENED SOONER THAN I THOUGHT! THIS MAY BE THE END OF REX AND HIS GANG!
CUTTING THE AIR MISS AMERICA SILENTLY STALKS HER QUARRY AFOOT—
SOMEONE'S COMING OUT OF THAT CAR! I'LL GET HIM BEFORE HE SNAGS THE BRACELET! THAT'S UNDOUBTEDLY WHAT HE'S AFTER!
IT'S PETER! HANDSOME GLIB PETER. ONLY HE CAN'T TALK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS SO EASILY!
TALK HIS WAY OUT? FOR THE MOMENT, PETER IS PRACTICALLY STUNNED! THE WRECKED CAR IS EMPTY!
NO ONE'S IN THERE ???
YES, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'D BOTH SLIPPED UP THIS TIME. DOESN'T IT??
HUH? OH, YOU'RE MISS AMERICA, AREN'T YOU? YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED?
I SAW YOU CHASING THAT CAR AND SHOOT THE TIRES. WHOEVER WAS IN THERE MUST HAVE REALIZED THEY WERE BEING FOLLOWED—
—JUMPED OUT AND GOT AWAY WHILE BEING HIDDEN BY THE EMBANKMENT. YOU SHOT AT AN EMPTY CAR! THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION I CAN THINK OF. NOW YOU MAKE WITH THE EXPLANATIONS ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS HERE! BUT FIRST—


I'LL TAKE YOUR GUN!
YOU DO TAKE A MAN BY SURPRISE! BUT I WASN'T GOING TO TURN THE GUN ON YOU, BELIEVE ME!
YOU STILL HAVEN'T EXPLAINED!
SO I GAVE CHASE!
WHAT? I KNOW NOTHING OF SUCH A FORMULA--- PLEASE TRUST ME! OH, THAT'S HOW YOU TRUST ME, EH? WITH A GUN IN MY RIBS!
NOW WALK TO YOUR CAR. WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE— WITH YOU DRIVING!
WE'VE DRIVEN MORE THAN FIVE MILES OUT. HOW AND WHEN DO WE END THIS RIDE?
WE END THIS—NOW! STOP THE CAR AND GET OUT!
A MOMENT LATER—
COME BACK! I RENTED THAT CAR!
3

WELL!
CALLED THE DOCTOR BUT THE SIGNORINA WINTERS WAS GONE!
SOON----
YOU'RE LUCKY THE BULLET ONLY ENTERED YOUR ARM
I HAVEN'T THE TIME. GET ME SOME STREET CLOTHES, SOMETHING OF YOUR WIFE'S HURRY!

NOT LONG AFTER---
OF COURSE I RUN A RISK TAKING CARE OF THESE-- UH--GUN CASES AND NOT REPORTING TO THE POLICE!
STOP WHINING! I KNOW YOU WANT MONEY. HERE'S TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS. I'M GOING NOW. I'VE GOT IMPORTANT WORK!
---VERY IMPORTANT INDEED! HMMM! THAT COLD-BLOODED REX, LEAVING ME FOR DEAD AND GRABBING THE BRACELET! WHEN I CATCH HIM, I'LL LEAVE HIM FOR DEAD---BUT I'LL BE SURE OF IT!
WHILE AT ELISE'S APARTMENT---
TOUGH LUCK! I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE AND NOT A SINGLE LEAD! WHAT A CAUTIOUS GAL! SHE MUST HAVE PLENTY TO CONCEAL. NOT EVEN AN ADDRESS BOOK!
I DOUBT WHETHER SHE'LL RETURN HERE. SHE KNOWS I'M AFTER HER AND SHE'S MOST LIKELY AFTER REX---THE DOOR BELL! WHO CAN THAT BE?
BRRRRING
WHO INDEED?
WHY DON'T THAT DAME ANSWER?
SHE'D BETTER! IF SHE WANTS TO LIVE!
WHO IS THIS SINISTER PAIR? AND WHAT IS THEIR STAKE IN THE DEADLY INTRIGUE? FOR PUNCH-PACKED THRILLS, READ THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE IN MARVEL COMICS---EVERY MONTH AT YOUR NEWS-STAND!

ONE IN A MILLION

JEFFREY had planned the murder very carefully. He was a methodical man, and he planned to kill in the same methodical way . . . there would be no slip-ups; nothing would go wrong with his carefully laid plans.

His landlady, Mrs. Dean, would furnish the perfect alibi for the perfect crime. What a simple idiot she was! She believed everything he told her. He knew some of the things she had told the neighbours over the back fence, and he could beat her saying, That Mr. Jeffrey is the *nicest* man. Never have any trouble with him!" If only, Jeffrey thought, she knew the seething volcano of hatred that bubbled and churned within his breast . hatred of his uncle, hatred of Mrs. Dean, hatred of the whole world and everything in it!

But tonight he would even the debt. Tonight he would kill so that he could live in the manner he felt was due him. For Jeffrey wanted to live high, which was practically impossible on the amount of money his uncle paid him for keeping the books for the emery firm. The old swindler! Jeffrey knew that all the money his uncle had was going to him someday—but when? The old man might live forever. Jeff wanted the money now, so that he could enjoy life's luxuries while he was still young.

Jeffrey picked up his phone and called downstairs to Mrs. Dean. .

"Hello, Mrs. Dean. I'm going to be busy for the next few hours auditing some very important books. I wish you'd see that I'm not disturbed by anyone tonight for any reason."

She assured him in her high nasal twang that everything would be as he asked, and he hung up with a sigh of relief. There was his alibi . . . she would never doubt him. If it came to a test, she would swear to all time was busy that he had been in his room all night.

Jeffrey put on his overcoat and hat. He felt the snubnosed .32 automatic bulging in his pocket. It was his uncle's gun; Jeffrey had borrowed it two weeks ago on the pretense of using it as protection against prowlers. Now he was going to use it for another reason—a much better reason. He slipped silently out of the house, using the back entrance. He had left his lights burning, with the books spread out on his desk. He checked his watch—9:50. He could get to his Uncle's house, do what had to be done and be back in less than half an hour.

On the streets a slight, cold drizzle was beginning to fall down. Jeffrey turned up the collar of his coat and pulled his hat further down over his eyes as he walked briskly along the almost deserted street. It took him only seven minutes to reach his uncle's house. He rang the doorbell and waited for what seemed an eternity for an answer to his ring. The drizzle had soaked through his collar and felicy cold as the drops trickled slowly down his back. Jeffrey shivered.

Slowly the door opened, and the wizened, pinched face that he hated so terribly peered out cautiously.

"Why, Jeffrey, what are you doing here?" Then, suspiciously, "What do you want? If it's money, you know I—" He started to close the door.

"Uncle Denny, how you talk. You know I wouldn't ask you for money." Jeffrey shouldered his way into the room. "No, it's something else I want."

His uncle closed the door and Jeffrey turned toward him.

"I must have tonight for two reasons," Jeffrey said calmly, reaching his hand into the pockets for the gun. "The first, was to return this gun to you." He raised the gun, thumbing off the safety. "And the second, was . . . to kill you!"

Uncle Danny's eyes went wide with terror as he saw the gun in Jeffrey's hand, and he scrambled back toward the door. For a moment it seemed as if he might open the door and try to run, then . . .

"Wait, Jeffrey . . . don't! You can't mean that after—"

"Shut up!" Jeffrey said coldly. "Listen to me . . . If you'd been a little more honest with your money, if you'd been half-way decent to me all those years . . . But no, look how you spoiled me first! In one room, while you—" Jeffrey waved the gun at the richly furnished apartment in which they were standing.

Uncle Danny went white with fear as he saw the flashing hatred in Jeffrey's eyes, the grim determination on his face. He held out his shaking hands toward Jeffrey as if in supplication.

"Jeffrey, don't!"

But Jeffrey wasn't listening. "You would make me wait until you died. Well, I'm not waiting any longer! I want money and I'm going to have it . . . now!"

He pulled the trigger twice, and the sharp crack-crack of the .32 echoed in the small room.

Uncle Danny moaned softly and went limp in the arms. His hands clasped tightly against his chest. A thin trickle of red ran from the corner of his twisted mouth. His eyes were blank with agony . . .

Jeffrey knelt by the body, lifted one arm and felt for a pulse. There was none. His uncle was dead. Then Jeffrey started to work. He went to the next room, which was a large living room, and looked a chair over. He ripped some pictures off the wall, and pulled the rug askew. He went out on the balcony, from which a large French window opened into the room, and tickled out several packs of glass, so that the shattered fragments would fall inside the room. Then he stepped back to survey his work.

He was satisfied. The room now looked as though a burglar had come in, had been surprised by his uncle, and a struggle had taken place. No doubt the police would think the burglar had shot his uncle. Jeffrey wiped off the gun, and threw it on the floor beside the huddled body . . .

Once on the street again, Jeffrey drew a deep breath of relief. He had achieved tonight the fulfillment of all his nights of sleepless-ness. Nothing would go wrong, nothing could go wrong—he had planned it all out carefully. He looked at his watch—9:45. Only fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had left his room.

As he walked leisurely down the street, he thought back. Had he forgotten anything? He could think of nothing. He passed a large drug store on the corner, one block from where he lived. A large crowd of people was inside. A cup of hot coffee would go good now, he thought, and no one in all this crowd would recognize me or remember that I've been here.

He stepped inside and suddenly he was blinded by a terrific white flash!

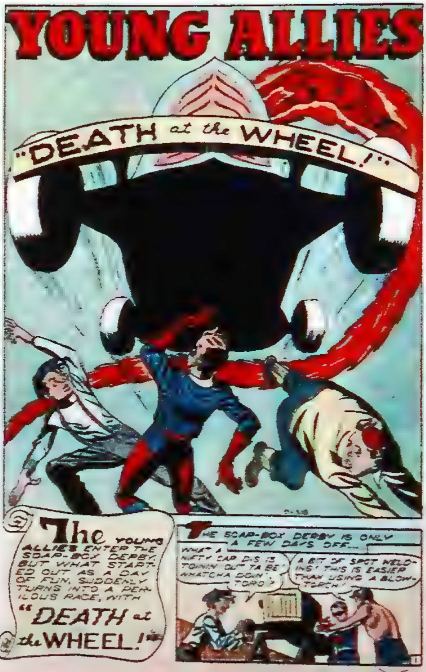
When his sight cleared, dimly he could see a man in front of him, grinning and pumping his limp hand up and down. In the background, two men were replacing the flash bulbs in their cameras. A surging mob was laughing and pointing at him.

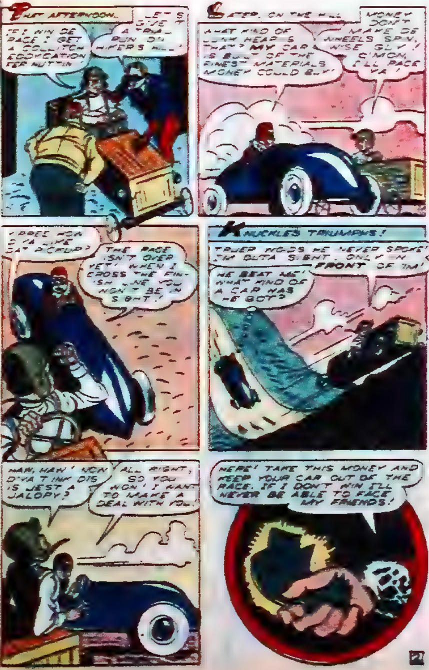
Dazedly he stepped in to rearrange his carefully laid plans.

The man shaking his hand was talking.

"Congratulations! You're the one millionth man to enter this store. You may have your pick of one hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. And tomorrow your name and picture will be in all the newspapers. You're a lucky man. Yes, sir . . . one in a million!"

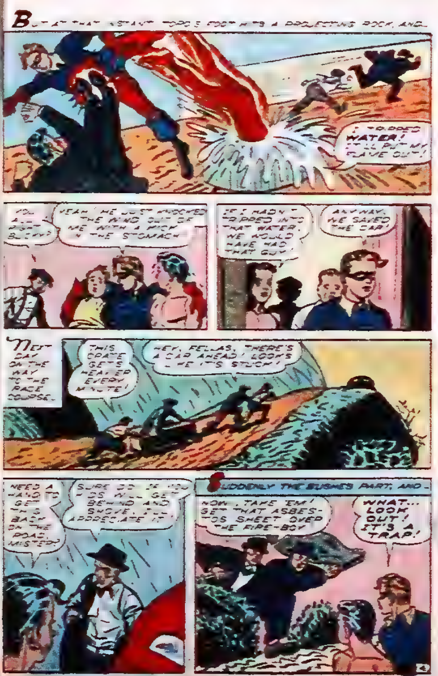
THE END.


YOUNG ALLIES
"DEATH at the WHEEL!"
The YOUNG ALLIES ENTER THE SOAP-BOX DERBY, BUT WHAT STARTED OUT AS A DAY OF FUN, SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A PERILOUS RACE, WITH "DEATH at the WHEEL!"
THE SOAP-BOX DERBY IS ONLY A FEW DAYS OFF...
WHAT A NIFTY CAR DIS IS TURNIN' OUT TA BE! WHATCHA DOIN', TORO?
A BIT OF SPOT WELDIN'! THIS IS EASIER THAN USING A BLOW-TORCH!

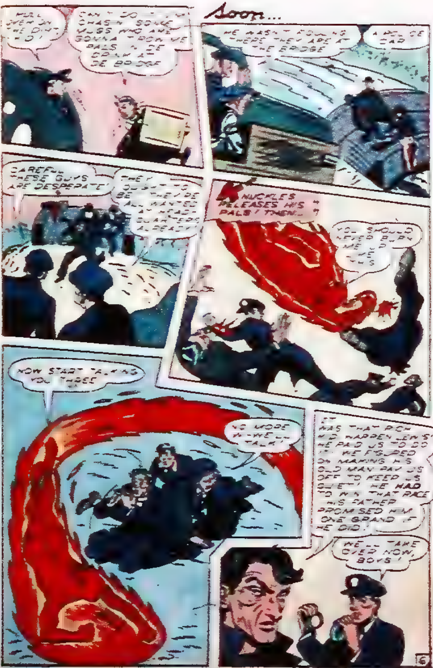


MONEY DON'T MAKE DE WHEELS SPIN, WISE GUY! C'MON, I'LL RACE YA!
THE RACE ISN'T OVER YET! WHEN I CROSS THE FINISH LINE YOU WON'T BE IN SIGHT!
KNUCKLES TRIUMPHS!
FRONT OF 'IM!
HE BEAT ME! WHAT KIND OF A CAR HAS HE GOT?
D'YA T'INK DIS IS JEST A JALOPY?
ALL RIGHT, SO YOU WON! I WANT TO MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU!
HERE! TAKE THIS MONEY AND KEEP YOUR CAR OUT OF THE RACE. IF I DON'T WIN I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FACE MY FRIENDS!

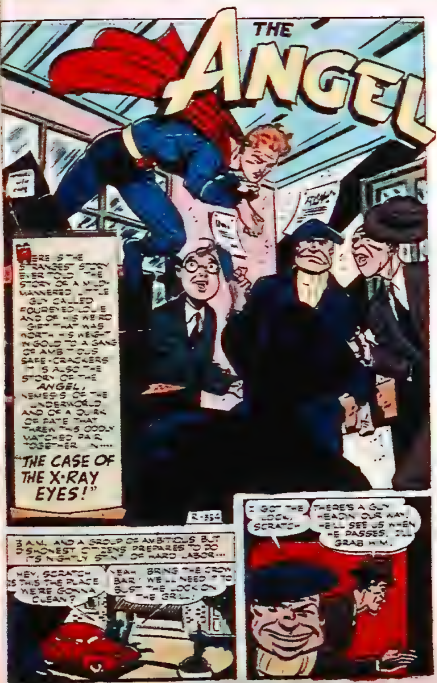
WHY, YA LITTLE CROOK! TRYIN TA BRIBE ME, EH? DIS'LL LOW YA!
OWW!
THAT NIGHT...
HERE'S TWO HUNDRED FROM MY ALLOWANCE JUST DO THE JOB LIKE I TOLD YOU!
OKAY, WE GET THE IDEA!
LATER, IN TUBBY'S HOUSE WHERE THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE SPENDING THE NIGHT.
HEY! WAKE UP! SOMEONE'S PROWL-ING AROUND IN THE YARD!
DA CAR DEY'RE TRYIN TA STEAL IT!
IN SWIFT SECONDS THE BOYS DRESS, AND...
LOOK THE GARAGE DOORS ARE OPEN WE GOT 'EM COLD
SHHH WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE THEM OFF BEFORE WE FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!
HEY! WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!
OKAY, LET'S GET 'EM YAHOO!
GET THE OTHER ONE, TORO!
RIGHT!
YEOW! IT'S THAT FIREBALL KID!


BUT AT THAT INSTANT, TORO'S FOOT HITS A PROJECTING ROCK, AND-
I TRIPPED... WATER! IT'LL PUT MY FLAME OUT!
YOU ALL RIGHT, BUCKY?
YEAH! HE JUST KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME WITH A KICK IN THE STOMACH
IF I HADN'T TRIPPED INTO THAT WATER, WE WOULD HAVE HAD THAT GUY!
ANYWAY, WE SAVED THE CAR!
NEXT DAY ON THE WAY TO THE RACE COURSE...
THIS CRATE GETS HEAVIER EVERY MINUTE!
HEY, FELLAS, THERE'S A CAR AHEAD! LOOKS LIKE IT'S STUCK!
NEED A HAND TO GET THIS BACK ON THE ROAD, MISTER?
SURE DO IF YOU KIDS WILL GET BEHIND AND SHOVE. I'LL APPRECIATE IT!
SUDDENLY THE BUSHES PART, AND-
NOW... TAKE 'EM! GET THAT ASBESTOS SHEET OVER THE FIRE-BOY
WHAT... LOOK OUT! IT'S A TRAP!
4

YOUSE BIG LUGS— OW!
THE OTHER KIDS DONE FOR! GET THESE KIDS IN THE CAR AND WE CAN DUMP 'EM OVER THE BRIDGE!
DERE DEY GO AROUN' DE CURVE! HOW AM I GONNA GET 'EM? SAY... ME RACER! IT'S ALL DOWN HILL!
IF I EVER NEEDED SPEED, DIS IS DE TIME! HOPE I KIN HOLD DEM CURVES WITHOUT TURNIN' OVER!
HEY! A KID IN A SOAP-BOX RACER! AFTER HIM BEFORE HE PILES UP AND KILLS HIMSELF!

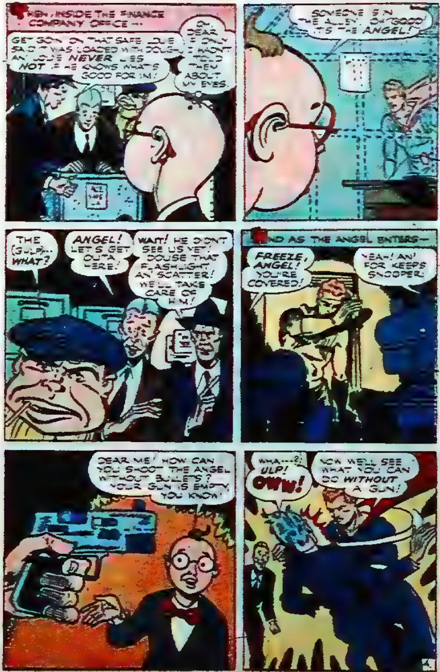

Soon...
HE WASN'T FOOLING -- THERE THEY ARE AT THE BRIDGE
A POLICE CAR
CAREFUL -- THESE GUYS ARE DESPERATE!
THEY OUGHT TO BE -- THEY'RE ALL WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS ALREADY
KNUCKLES RELEASES HIS PALS! THEN...
YOU SHOULD NEVER BURN ME UP LIKE THIS
NOW START TALKING YOU THREE
NO MORE -- WE'LL TALK!
IT WAS THAT RICH KID WARREN LEWIS! HE PAID US TO DO IT. HE FIGURED ON MAKING HIS OLD MAN PAY US OFF TO KEEP US QUIET! HE HAD TO WIN THAT RACE -- HIS FATHER PROMISED HIM ONE GRAND IF HE DID!
WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW, BOYS!

LATER, JUST BEFORE THE BIG RACE STARTS...
YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
TELL YA LATER.. AFTER I WIN DE RACE!
NOW TA ATTEND TA SOME UN-FINISHED BUSINESS!
THE WINNER... AND IN RECORD TIME!
AND AT THE END OF THE COURSE...
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YA I'D DO IF YA TRIED ANY MONKEY BUSINESS?
YOU LET ME ALONE!
DIS IS WHAT I MEANT!
AND TO THINK MY OWN SON WOULD DO A THING LIKE THAT! I'LL FIX HIM!
THANKS, FELLOWS, FOR NOT PRESSING CHARGES AGAINST WARREN! IN THE FUTURE I'LL MAKE SURE HE CHANGES HIS ATTITUDE!
The PROUDEST MOMENT IN KNUCKLES' LIFE!
AND IN ADDITION TO THE TRUST FUND FOR YOUR COLLEGE EDUCATION, YOU ARE ALSO AWARDED THIS CUP!
(GULP!) T'ANKS!
THE END

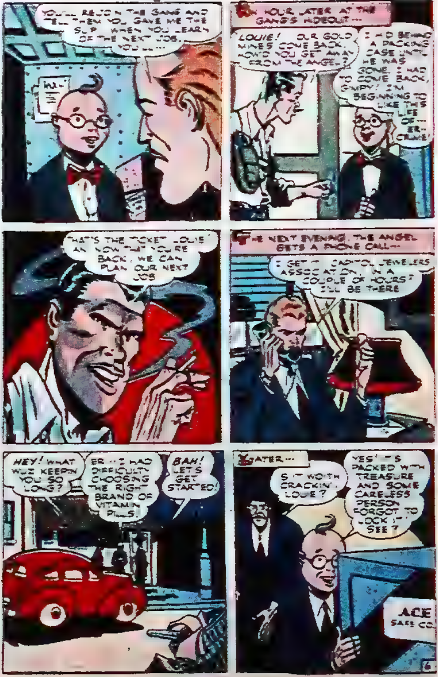

THE ANGEL
HERE IS THE STRANGEST STORY EVER TOLD... THE STORY OF A MILD-MANNERED LITTLE GUY CALLED FOUR-EYED LOUIE AND OF HIS WEIRD GIFT THAT WAS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD TO A GANG OF AMBITIOUS SAFE-CRACKERS... IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF THE ANGEL, NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD AND OF A QUIRK OF FATE THAT THREW THIS ODDLY MATCHED PAIR TOGETHER... IN...
"THE CASE OF THE X-RAY EYES!"
3 A.M. AND A GROUP OF AMBITIOUS BUT DISHONEST CITIZENS PREPARES TO DO ITS NIGHTLY STINT OF HARD LABOR...
HEY, SCRATCH IS THIS THE PLACE WE'RE GONNA CLEAN?
YEAH. BRING THE CROWBAR! WE'LL NEED IT TO BUST THE LOCK ON THE GRILL!
I GOT THE LOCK, SCRATCH
THERE'S A GUY HEADIN' OUR WAY. HE'LL SEE US WHEN HE PASSES. I'LL GRAB HIM.

POUNCES ON THE LONE PEDESTRIAN!
THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?
TAKE 'IM INSIDE WE'LL LET 'IM GO AFTER WE ROB THE SAFE!
SOUPED UP AND READY TO GO OFF!
YOU TWO GENTLEMEN ARE WASTING YOUR TALENTS ON THAT VAULT! IT ONLY CONTAINS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS!!
HUH? HOW D'YOU KNOW?
I CAN SEE IT!
HA HA! SAY ARE YOU TRYIN' TO MAKE A MONKEY OUTA ME? I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER! BLAST IT, GIMPY!
YOU'LL BE SORRY!
BOOM!
WE BEEN ROBBED. THERE'S ONLY THREE DOLLARS HERE!
I DIDN'T COUNT THAT FIFTY CENT PIECE! IT'S COUNTERFEIT!
HEY! THIS IS A PHONY!
YOU! HOW'D YOU SEE INSIDE OF THAT SAFE?
I'M GIFTED WITH UNUSUAL EYESIGHT— X-RAY EYES!

YOU GOT...? WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?
X-RAY EYES. I'VE HAD THEM SINCE I RECEIVED A HEAD INJURY AS A CHILD. THE DOCTORS SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SHOCK TO MY NERVE SYSTEM
SAY! I GOT PLANS FOR YOU AN' US -- BIG PLANS!
YOU MEAN --? OH NO ... I COULDN'T DO THAT. I'M AN HONEST MAN!
IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THERE IS A SERIES OF MAJOR ROBBERIES---
HA HA! ANOTHER COUPLE OF WEEKS OF USING LOUIE'S X-RAY EYES AN' WE CAN RETIRE. WE'LL BE RICH!
MEANWHILE THE ANGEL TAKES AN INTEREST IN THE AFFAIR---
FIVE MAJOR SAFE ROBBERIES IN FOUR DAYS, AND ALL APPARENTLY BY THE SAME MOB! HMM....
IT'S TIME THE ANGEL DID A LITTLE PROWLING!
SO IT IS, THAT THE ANGEL PATIENTLY PROWLS THE CITY NIGHT AFTER NIGHT---
HMM -- I'LL BET THOSE FOUR CHARACTERS AREN'T APPLYING FOR A LOAN! COULD BE THE MOB I'M LOOKING FOR!
3


THEN, INSIDE THE FINANCE COMPANY OFFICE --
GET GOIN' ON THAT SAFE. LOUIE SAID IT WAS LOADED WITH DOUGH, AN' LOUIE NEVER LIES -- NOT IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR 'IM!
OH, DEAR, IF ONLY I HADN'T TOLD THEM ABOUT MY EYES.
SOMEONE'S IN THE ALLEY. OH, GOOD -- IT'S THE ANGEL!
THE (GULP)... WHAT?
ANGEL! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
WAIT! HE DIDN'T SEE US YET! DOUSE THAT FLASHLIGHT AN' SCATTER! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
AND AS THE ANGEL ENTERS--
FREEZE, ANGEL! YOU'RE COVERED!
YEAH! AN' FOR KEEPS, SNOOPER!
DEAR ME! HOW CAN YOU SHOOT THE ANGEL WITHOUT BULLETS? YOUR GUN IS EMPTY, YOU KNOW!
WHA---?
ULP!
OWW!
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT A GUN!

UGH!
I GOT 'M SCRATCH. LET'S GET OUTA HERE
OHHHH! WHAT A WALLOP! THEY MUST HAVE-- HUH?
HAVE THEY GONE?
WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE WITH YOUR PALS?
PLEASE, SIR! DO NOT ASSOCIATE ME WITH THOSE CRIMINALS! REMEMBER, SIR--I SAVED YOUR LIFE! TAKE A LOOK AT THAT GUN!
IT'S LOADED! BUT WHY DID SCRATCH TAKE YOUR WORD THAT IT WAS EMPTY? AND HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THIS GANG?
LOUIE RELATES HIS STRANGE TALE TO THE ANGEL!
...AND THAT IS THE WAY IT WAS! OH, DEAR! I'M THE MOST UNFORTUNATE OF CREATURES!
HMM! A STORY LIKE THAT WOULDN'T SOUND SO GOOD IN COURT, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH!
HANDLE WITH CARE


YOU'LL REJOIN THE GANG AND TELL THEM YOU GAVE ME THE SLIP. WHEN YOU LEARN OF THE NEXT JOB, YOU'LL...
AN HOUR LATER AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...
LOUIE! OUR GOLD MINE'S COME BACK. HOW'D YOU GET AWAY FROM THE ANGEL?
I HID BEHIND A PACKING CASE UNTIL HE WAS GONE. I HAD TO COME BACK, GIMPY! I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS LIFE OF... ER... CRIME!
THAT'S THE TICKET, LOUIE! AN' NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK, WE CAN PLAN OUR NEXT JOB
THE NEXT EVENING, THE ANGEL GETS A PHONE CALL...
I GET IT... CAPITOL JEWELERS ASSOCIATION, IN A COUPLE OF HOURS? I'LL BE THERE
HEY! WHAT WUZ KEEPIN YOU SO LONG?
ER... I HAD DIFFICULTY CHOOSING THE RIGHT BRAND OF VITAMIN PILLS!
BAH! LET'S GET STARTED!
LATER...
IS IT WORTH CRACKIN', LOUIE?
YES! IT'S PACKED WITH TREASURE AND SOME CARELESS PERSON FORGOT TO LOCK IT. SEE?
ACE SAFE CO.

HEY! IT IS OPEN! THIS IS EASY...
NOT TOO EASY!
OH!
OUCH!
DEAR ME! ONE DOESN'T DO SO WELL IN CRIME DOES ONE?
THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT LOUISE! WATCH OUR FRIENDS WHILE I CALL THE POLICE!
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER!
OOOH!
YOWW!
YOU SAY YOU CAN SEE WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES NOW, LOUISE? GOOD! THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD RETURNED THEM TO NORMAL!
MY SIGHT'S DIFFERENT, TOO! I CAN'T SEE THOSE THINGS! I'M GLAD!
THE END

Free with Your Order
ATOM BOMB
SHOULDER PATCH
Collect Shoulder Patches Worn in Battle By Our Famous Fighting Outfits
Here is an amazing opportunity to collect rare and famous U. S. and foreign military patches worn by our fighting men, our allies and our enemies in every quarter of the globe. Imagine how proud you will be to own and display patches worn by our Ground Forces, Air Forces, Navy and Marines in the "Battle of the Bulge", on Guadalcanal, Leyte, Okinawa, North Africa and in the skies over Germany and Japan. You can have the famous patch insignia of the 20th Air Force (B-29 Superforts), Ranger Battalions, 101st Airborne of Bastogne, and hundreds more, all available in official sizes, designs and brilliant colors. You receive absolutely free with this introductory offer the rare Atom Bomb patch.
Atom Bomb
20 SPECIAL "SURPRISE" INTRODUCTORY OFFER
ASSORTED PATCHES $1
To start your collection, the Patch King has selected from the hundreds of rare and beautiful patches in his tremendous store rooms, 20 of the most fascinating and exciting designs. Every patch in this special collection of 20 represents some famous fighting outfit whose world-shaking exploits were making headlines just a few months ago. You will be amazed that such a wonderful hobby can be started so inexpensively, so excitingly. This special Patch King assortment is offered at the amazingly low price of only $1.00. If you were to buy each patch individually from our catalog, they would cost you more, and more amazingly yet, you get FREE the Atom Bomb patch and our complete illustrated price list and catalog of hundreds of rare foreign and U. S. patches.
BE FIRST — START NOW
10 DAY FREE EXAMINATION
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The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP
LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO
AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE "FAIR"!
HEY, SUGAR, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN!
SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL......
YOU'LL WHAT— YOU POOR CHUMP
OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING—I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!
GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!
LATER
ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP
THERE GOES THE BELL— JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL
OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!
O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT—YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!
I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!
FREE BOOK

$100 Monthly
IF SICK or INJURED!
Plus HOSPITAL BILLS PAID!
AMAZING NEW
GOLD SEAL POLICY
PROVIDES all THIS PROTECTION FOR JUST
$1 A MONTH
CASH BENEFITS BIG ENOUGH To Be WORTHWHILE!
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CASH for Almost Every Emergency!
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